## - A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

but he was afraid to return it for

And then, all at once, I knew how

CHEAP DESSERT

fear I'd accpeted him.

#### THE DAILY **SHORT STORY**

A Summer Girl's Diary.

By LOUISE OLIVER.

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Sunday, July 8.—I've decided to write down the events of my life hereafter. I don't consider that a girl's life really starts until she's through school. School was over on the 20th, but I went to Hartford with Jane White for two weeks. I started a dlary there, but there was so much going on all the time I didn't have time to keep it up. I'll do better here, I know, with the family around,

sister Bertha and her husband, too, to see that I observe proper hours.

I'll certainly miss Wally. I met him at Jane's. How he can play tennis!

And how he can sing! Oh, dear! He

was so nice!

Monday—I had to stop. Mother

Concert on the hotel plazza and she
wanted me to meet some people.

wanted me to meet some people.

There was a Mr. Denny, who was being nice to me when a girl—an old girl—swooped down on him and took him away. Mother looked disappointed, so! Judge from that he must be somebody, or have expectations or something. Well, she doesn't need to get that into her head. He's as old as the hills—he must be twenty-six or seven. Besides, there's Wally. Oh, his beautiful hair! And if you could hear him sing that love song from Sybi!!

Tuesday—Am very tired, so will

Tuesday—Am very tired, so will only write a line. There are lots of young people here and I've been having a bully time.

Met a Mr. Alan Croft, who seems

ed Mollie quickly.

"No, I think not, but he is certainly no better."

there was not one person there nearer and dearer than Harry and I and Chad and Mollie to come after."

"It was inexpressibly sad to me," said Mollie, "to think a man with all Malcolm's brain, all his money, all

sis lovableness, should not have had some one—some woman, I mean—whom he loved and who loved him, to follow him to his last resting place."

place."

I didn't say anything—I could not have spoken if death had been the penalty for silence. And then all at once it came to me that Malcolm Stunce it came to me that Malcolm Stunces it came to me that Malcolm Stunces

once it came to me that Malcolm Stuart had never once in all our acquaintance told me he loved me. Neither had I told him I loved him.

"You love me, Margie," he said, and I had answered, "I don't know."

He started out to his death that day without knowing for sure whether I loved him or not, if the saying so in words would have made him sure.

"I wish I had told him I loved him and had promised to go with him," I said to myself. "I wish he had had that happiness before he died.

"Would you have gone, did you love him?" my brain asked my heart.

"Would you have gone, did you love him?" my brain asked my heart.

Before my heart could answer, Mollie spoke. "Do you know, Margie, I have always felt Malcolm Stuart was genuinely in love with you, and had not Dick been my brother I would have

told you so, for I could see how atterly unconscious you were of his regard. I cannot see why you did not fall in love with him. I know if I were not so insanely in love with Chad I

would have done so in a minute,"

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

One of the most disheartening experiences in life is to grieve alone, to know that your sorrow must be secret, to know that according to the world's standards you have no right to "But. Mollie," spake up Eliene, "Malcolm never paid Margie any more attention than he did the rest of us."

"Perhaps not." answered Mollie. "but somehow Malcolm's attentions to

grieve.

Little book. I wonder if there are many women in the world who have had to suffer and keep silent as I have. Mollie and Eliene came in to see me today on their way back from the funeral of Malcolm Stuart. Their contenances were swollen and stained with tears. They could weep openly for their friend.

I met them with tearless eyes and a white face. "Is Dick worse?" asked Mollie quickly.

Margie always seemed to me to be intentions."

I thought of all the attentions and intentions that were buried in my book. I wished I had died while I was dying like a log all that long dreary time.

Why had Malcolm Stuart sent Dr. Virot to make me well? Why had he saved me from dying when I wanted to die if he were to go out of my life like this?

ly no better."

"Poor Margie," said Eliene. "But dear, you may be glad you had an ecuse for staying away from Malcom's funeral. It was terrible."

I must have shown a questioning expression, little book, for she continued, "Margie, it was all so cold and formal. Think of it, dear, with the exception of Dr. Virot who followed the casket out of the church alone, there was not one person there nearer.

I started up in desperation—I was on the point of telling Mollie and Eliene all.

"I can't stand it. I can't stand it." I exclaimed when the nurse came out of the room where Dick was lying.

"Mr. Waverly is awake, Mrs. Waver' ly," she said.

"Is helcno csousETONAISHRODDL" is talking wildly about some deal he must put over."

life like this?



and I got a chance to breathe. So I crept down to the place where I had tied the canoe, and what do you think? It was gone! It had pulled up the root or whatever it was and departed bids help and all! ry him some day. He has another year in college and four more in meddeparted ,hide, hair and all!
There I was, wet as a fish, hungry
(I had only eaten a dab of salad for nice.

I ought to get a letter tomorrow from Wally, He promised me his picture, too. He's got mine. Wouldn't mother have a fit!

Saw Mr. Denny!

Friday, 13th—I guess I've missed a lot, but I've been too busy to write. Motoring and boating, tennis and golf all the time. This is a pretty the sense of the ical school-he's going to be a doclunch in my anxiety about the letter), evening coming on, and miles away dismal.

Saw Mr. Denny:

Friday, 13th—I guess I've missed a lot, but I've been too busy to write. Motoring and boating, tennis and golf all the time. This is a pretty lake.

Alan Croft is awfully nice to me. We have jolly times. Think I'll write to Wally for my picture. Alan wants one.

Something went wrong with our motor and Mr. Denny happened along in a canoe and fixed it.

The old girl, whose name is Carona and I've a notion to go out in Mr. The old girl, whose name is Carona and I've a notion to go out in Mr.

Lake.

In a couple of weeks after 1 went home that I didn't care a bit? Just like Wally. But I didn't tell him; I'l write it. It's so much easier. There's Mr. Denny outside looking for some one.

Monday—This place is bewitched. I lose everything. I wrote to Alan and put the letter in my blouse to motor and Mr. Denny happened along in a canoe and fixed it.

The old girl, whose name is Carona in a couple of weeks after 1 went in the little with it didn't care a bit? Just like Wally. But I didn't tell him; I'l got dark after awhile—very— proposed in a goodness it was warm and I'd dried out pretty well. So I found a soft, mossy place and tried to sleep. I thought of Wally—and Alan, poor dear—and of Mr. Denny. Wouldn't he be mad when he found his canoe gone! And I wonderd if the Old Girl would get him, and I hoped not—because he had such nice eyes and was such a gentleman. Then I went to

mail, and lost it, too. I've looked all morning and and I wonderd if the Old Girl morning in a canoe and fixed it.

The old girl, whose name is Carolyn Spencer, is, I hear, considered quite he beauty. Bertha spared time from the baby today to tell ma condition to go out in Mr. D.'s canoe. He's gone to town.

Tuesday—There's a lot to write, but I'm so excited I might get things and calls our crowd the kindergarden, Maybe she's heard that I call her the 'old girl.'' I'll have her know I'm no infant in arms. I'm eighteen. Only from her advantage of years I may seem young.

Thursday—It's too provoking. The picture came and I slipped it into my blouse, intending to give it to Alan when we were out motoring. But when I went to look for it it was some. Alan detests Mr. D. worse than when I went to look for it it was gone. Alan detests Mr. D. worse than ever. It's certainly a mystery. Mr. D. is always nice to me. Took me canoeing yesterday and taught me how to use a paddle. I've always been crazy about canoes. They arry so, so romantic.

Saturday—Alan asked me to mar-

"but somehow Malcolm's attentions to Margie always seemed to me to be

I started up in desperation-I was

deal he must put over."

Mollie put her arms about me, "Poor

Margie," she said, "I know, I know,

How much does she know, little

Ross, who made the first American me, but was afraid I liked Alan. And flag. She is here shown sewing a flag he'd sen' me drop Alan's letter, too, and had that—unopend, of course—

like a porch roof. I was soaked

from everything.

After about two years, it seemed, e thunder and lightning did stop

verything. It was certainly. The canoe was nowhere in I could see boats out on the

"Not a thing, I'm afraid." He dug

FOR BEAUTY SPOT!

down into his pockets, pulling out letters and cigarettes and a dozen

Here's a new way young women are showing patriotism—a beauty spot of the national colors. Girls of

the Chicago Art institute began the fad.

GIRLS WEAR FLAGS

Molasses Cookies. Sift 1 quart of flour with 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of gin-ger and 1 level teaspoonful of baking soda; rub in 1-2 cupful shortening, add

1 cup black molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar. 1-2 cupful sour milk, and 1 sugar. 1.2 cupful sour milk, and 1 beaten egg. Roll thin and bake in a moderate oven. Tea Cake.

Sift 2 cupfuls flour with 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder, add 1 tablespoonful sugar, rub into this mixture 1 heaping tablespoonful butter,

add 2 eggs, milk enough to make a soft batter, and 1 cupful of seeded and chopped raisins. Bake 20 minutes, split and butter. Spread with jam, if desired.

Maple Pudding. In a double boiler, heat 1 quart of milk, add 1-4 teaspoonful salt and stir in 4 tablespoonfuls of com starch mixed to a paste with a little cold water. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens, then cook in the double boiler 8 minutes. Mix 6 tablespoonfuls grated maple sugar with 1 beaten egg, add to the cornstarch and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Do not boll. Mold in cups and serve with maple su gar and milk. To make a chocolate pudding, substitute 3 heaping table-spoonfuls of cocoa in place of the ma-ple sugar and flavor with a few drops of vanilla and 1-2 teaspoonful of cinna

EAST SIDE -:- NEWS--:-

Spent Sunday Here
Mrs. Stewart Cordray and two sons,
Mrs. Charles McBee, Mrs. Joseph
Spurgeon and daughter, and Miss Mabel McKay all of Morgantown, were
guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Shumaker and the latter's mother, Mrs.
Selby Sunday. An elaborate dinner Selby Sunday. An elaborate dinner was served by Mrs. Shumaker in honor of Mrs. Selbay's eighty-first hirthday anniverse.

Returned Home Mrs. Charles Paterson has returned from Cameron where she was called by her sister's illness

birthday anniversary

Aid Society
The Ladies' Aid society of the Pala
tine Baptist church will meet Tuesday evening at the church.

Went to Chicago A. A. Ayers has gone to Chicago on business. He expects to be away several days.

At Mannington
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Criss and son,
Albert, spent Sunday with relatives at

Able to Be Out W. S. Bristor, of Morgantown ave nue, who was injured in a fall several weeks ago, is now able to be out.

Will Entertain Club Mrs. D. H. Morgan, of Morgantown avenue will entertain the Stitch and Chatter club on Thursday afternoon.

Mothers' Meeting
Members of the East Eide W. C. T.
U. will hold a mothers' meeting tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Florence Gray on Diamond street, beginning at 2:30 o'clock.

PERSONALS Ralph Courtney, of Morgantown,

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Carpets cleaned the santitary way with no advance beauty Sin prices at the Troy laun-an the dry.

things. And suddenly the flashlight spent Sunday in this city.

Mrs. Cora Rager is quite sick at her home on Diamond street.

Miss Dana Jacobs, who has spent the past three months with her grandparents in Morgantown, spent yesterday at her home here.

Joseph Jolliffe and niece, Miss Katherine Miller, returned yesterday from a few days's visit at Little Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyles, of Hammand, were visitors at the camp yesterday.

And then, all at once, I knew how it was. I loved him, too, so I said so and he kissed me. There, that's all I'm going to put down. After all, I believe I'll just keep a diary in my heart. I'm so happy I can't write my thoughts. Poor Wally! And poor Alan! Nellie Powell and Nora Kuhn, of Boothsville, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lute Brown. Charles Davis, of Morgantown. spent Sunday here.

## HEALTH HINTS

They are horny layers of skin caused by combined pressure and friction. Loose, ill-fitting shoes that chafe the feet are just as likely to cause corns as tight shoes that press and bind. Stockings that crumple and roll into ridges are also to blame at times. The person that wears comfortable shoes of soft, elastic and well-seasoned lea-ther is not likely to be bothered with corns. The toes of the shoe should be broad and the shoe should give the toes free play. The shoe need not be squared-toed.

To cure a corn the heavy tissues of the outer skin should be softened by soaking in hot water for a half hour or so. This softens the surface of the corn, which can then be scraped away to the level of the surrounding skin.

Never cut a corn with a rusty razor The corn is likely to become infected. Use an instrument carefully steri lized. If the corn is inflamed the feet should be treated with a cold water application for a few hours before removal of the corn. This will relieve pain and congestion.

After top of the corn has been scraped away the part should be panited with a saturated solution of salicylic acid in collodion. This is the base of most corn salves. The acid softens and destroys the horny tissue

After the acid has been applied the corn should be covered with narrow strips of adhesive plaster. Shields of leather, wool or felt should then be placed over 'the plaster to prevent undue pressure.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED J. L. K.: "What are the symptoms of shingles? What is the treatment?" Small blisters situated along the course of a nerve, preceded and ac-companied by neuralgic pain. Treat-ment consists of local applications to relieve the pain and tonic measures,

WYER FUNERAL YESTERDAY

Funeral services over the body of L. C. Wyer, whose death occured on Friday in Clarksburg, were held yesterday afternoon at three o'clock from the First M. E. church in this city, Rev. C. E. Goodwin, pastor of the church, conducted the services and in terment was made in Woodlawn cemetry. Wr. Wyer and family were form. tery. Mr. Wyer and family were form er residents of this city. FINE FOR RHEUMATISM!

# FOUR WEEKS

No Relief-Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio. - "For years I suf- back or

fered so sometimes it seemed as though it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk,

for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doc tor came. I was ta-

and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains.

Rheumatism in its early stages may delude you into believing that it is a disease of a purely local and temporary nature. Beyond a slight numbness of the limbs and pains in the joints or back, there may be no outward indications of it, but if you do not heed these warnings, or if you salready done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. Brown, 2244 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio. try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Sdry. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home." — Mrs. W. C. Brown, 2844 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Osgood's Showing Here Exclusively 1

Quality

Showing Here Exclusively 1

GIRL'S

SILUTO

For the Young Miss of 10-12-13-14-15-16 Years

A NEW garment that will supply the need of every growing girl's wardrobe.

STYLES are Norfolk jackets with flowing ties at waist line and edged with green or rose piping. The seperate skirt is real short pleated or gathered all around and supported with suspender straps from the shoulder.

MATERIALS are Navy or Copenhagen Blue Serge or Black-Blue and Red Shepherd Checks.

Priced Low \$10, \$12.50, \$15.00

FOLLANSBEE, W. Va., April 23.— William Sodacker, a prominent Ger-STOMACH UPSET? man farmer, celebrated his eighty eighth birthday yesterday by carry Get at the Real Cause-Take Day Edwards Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomack sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a continuous part.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles. If you have a bad taste in your mouth, tongue coated, appetite poor, lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition of energy, troubled with undigested foods you should take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a nurely vegetable compound mixed with Musterole Loosens Up Those Stiff You'll know why thousands use Musterole once you experience the glad re-

lief it gives.

Get a iar at once from the nearest drug store. It is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Brings ease and comfort while it is being rubbed on!

Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Millions of jars are used annually for bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles.



## Rheumatism Should Be Nipped In The Bud

AGED GERMAN IS LOYAL

Joints-Drives Out Pain

lief it gives.

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(CAPTAIN, YOU'RE ALL WRONG.)-BY ALLMAN.







